

I'm Here by Nearchild

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Like really minor, Lucas and Dustin only have minor parts, M/M, Panic Attack

Language: English

Characters: Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-14

Updated: 2017-11-14

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:49:20

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,674

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A panic attack is "a sudden feeling of acute and disabling anxiety." Will is well versed in these kinds of attacks but he had never had one in the middle of school in front of everyone. There is a first time for everything though.

I'm Here

Will was just sitting in class. His hair covering his eyes as he kept his face glued to his paper, switching between doodling and taking notes. It was just a normal class. Why did it have to happen in the middle of just a normal class? All that happened was Mr. Clarke had given a very entertaining lecture on the Earth's atmosphere. Science was the last class of the day for Will, unfortunately it was just him in this class cause his schedule had to be different from the parties due to his art class, so this class was just him. He was looking forward to the day being over so that they could all go hang out at Mike's and read the new X-Men comic. It was supposed to be a perfect afternoon for William Byers; however, he was not so likely.

With five minutes left in class Mr. Clarke started talking about pollution and how the world's air was turning more and more toxic. The lecture was starting to remind Will of his time in the Upside Down. How the air he breathed was cold and felt as if dust was lining his lungs, like every breath he took was slowly drowning him with the toxic air. Will could feel his chest tightening, as his breath got shorter and shorter, and he began to sweat. He was very well versed in what this meant but thought he could fight the ensuing panic off until the lecture was done.

It was five minutes of Will's body teetering over the edge of a cliff. A cliff that was a 100 foot drop into a public panic attack. He thought he had made it through to the other side, he thought that after packing up his pencils, and his books that he had made it out of class on the right side of the panic. He rushed out of class his chest finally beginning to loosen, then it happened, the lights flickered. That was it, they just flickered, but that flicker sent Will into a flash back for the first time since they defeated the Mind Flayer.

It was a quick flash after the first light flicker, but it was enough. That quick feeling of the air around him slowly killing him, the darkness, the cold, the loneliness, everything that made him hate that fucking place. That was all it took for the air around Will to be stripped away from him as if someone had put up a forcefield and was depriving his body of the oxygen he so desperately needed to

survive. Will began to gasp loudly for air as everyone began to turn and stare. Will would have hated all the attention being directed at him, but he was in too much pain to care about the fact that people were staring at and whispering about him.

Will hobbled over to a wall as he tried to breathe like a normal human being, but his body wouldn't listen. He was sweating, but was cold and his vision was slowly blurring. He could no longer focus on everyone looking at him but instead could only feel like the world around him was beginning to collapse. Everything was falling apart right here and now at 2 o'clock on a Friday in front of everyone.

Will had been too busy gasping for air to notice that Troy and his gang of ass hats had begun to gather around him and throw insults in his direction. He could vaguely recognize their faces as they yelled at him, but he honestly couldn't hear them over the sound of his own lungs collapsing. The pain in his chest was hurting more and more by the second and soon it was all he could focus on. Just a second though because he felt something connect with his stomach, and then something with the same power and size connected with his face. He was still gasping for air but now the pain that had just been in Will's chest was in a few places, and he was getting closer and closer to throwing up.

There was not much guessing needed to know why Will had extra pain in his stomach and face now. Troy had probably hit or kick him because Will was small and vulnerable and Troy was a natural douche bag. Will just wanted it all to be over, he didn't really care if that meant Troy killed him or he just disappeared.

"Guys? Am I the only one who is worried about Will? He was supposed to meet us out here right after his class, but it's been 10 minutes." Mike looked around to Dustin, and Lucas to agree with him. They both just kind of stared blankly back at him, struggling to switch modes from whatever video game they were talking about to Will's safety.

"I dunno, Mike? He probably just got caught talking to Mr. Clarke.

You know how those two get when they are into a topic.” Lucas was unlocking his bike as he spoke, getting ready to start heading over to Mike’s house. He looked up and saw the worry written across Mike’s face and instantly regretted dismissing his feelings like that. “We can go look for him if you want, shouldn’t take long to find him.”

“No, it is okay, I will go look for him. You two should head over to my house, and we will meet you over there after I find Will.” With that the 6-foot-tall boy turned his back to his two friends and went to search for the Frodo Baggins to his Samwise Gamgee. He was almost inside the school when he overheard two girls talking about Troy and some boy he was currently torturing outside of room 112.

“Shit that’s Will’s classroom.” Mike whispered to himself, as he took off running hoping that what was happening wasn’t what he thought it was. He turned the corner of the halls: left, right, right. He made the final turn and saw a giant crowd of kids. Kids usually congregate towards conflict, chanting some bullshit and looking longingly at whatever cruel form of entertainment that high school could provide.

Mike took note of the kid’s faces. They weren’t the faces of people who were entertained, these kids were actually showing faces of disgust, an emotion that normal high school bullying wouldn’t invoke. Mike knew how much kids sucked first hand so the fact that these kids were all showing the same feeling of gross disdain for the events meant that this was bad. He began to push his way through the crowd, but people quickly took notice of his presence and parted for him, it startled him a little, but he realized they were giving him a path because they knew something he had only guessed. That Will was the boy being tortured right now and that whatever was happening was gross.

The scene that unfolded as Mike reached the center of the crowd was awful. Mike could see Troy towering over Will who looked like he was having one of his panic attacks. His chest was rising and falling at an unsteady pace and he was gasping for air. Mike could see a bruise beginning to form on Will’s normally beautiful pale cheek, which invoked a rage in Mike that he had only felt three other times. He rushed over to Will’s side and pushed Troy away from the small cowering boy.

“BACK THE FUCK OFF!” Mike’s face was red with anger and he felt like he had more strength in him than he started the day with. “TROY, YOU BETTER FUCKING LEAVE HIM ALONE!”

“Or you’ll do what fro—”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! AND ALL OF YOU JUST STANDING AND STARING! CAN’T YOU SEE THIS KID NEEDS HELP?!? THAT HE CANNOT FUCKING BREATHE AND THAT YOU ALL ARE JUST STANDING AND WATCHING THIS DOUCHE ATTACK A DEFENSELESS BOY WHO IS ALREADY HALF HIS FUCKING SIZE!” Everyone in the crowd began to either leave or look down in shame.

“Oh! That is it Wheeler, I am going to kick your ass.” Troy began to walk towards Mike, which last year would have scared the shit out of him, but Steve and the Chief had been teaching all of them self-defense. They said something about needing to defend themselves and not rely too much on El’s powers. At the time it just seemed like a chore, but as Troy swung and Mike dodged he was suddenly very thankful for the lessons. He grabbed Troy’s arm and dipped his shoulder under his arm so that his back was to Troy, then he lifted Troy off the ground and swung him hard over his head. Mike heard the boy’s wind get completely knocked out of him as he writhed on the ground. Mike quickly rushed over and gave a swift punch to Troy’s face. After figuring that Troy was not going to get up and come after Mike he rushed over to Will who was still gasping for air but was starting to come out of his panic.

“Hey Will,” Mike’s voice was soft and understanding. He began to rub the thin boy’s bony arms that Mike could practically wrap his whole hand around. Will looked up at Mike, his beautiful hazel eyes wide in fear and his face tainted with a light purple bruise. “You’re okay buddy,” Mike wrapped all 100 pounds of Will into a tight hug, “You’re okay. I’m here now.”

“Mikey?” Will’s voice came out soft and horrified, tears teasing the edges of his eyes. He was still shaking, and his breathing was still unsteady, but he was no longer gasping for air. He slowly gathered his surroundings and began to sob, sinking into Mike’s arms as he did. “MI-Mike, I, I, I, I was so scared. I flashed back there for just a bit! I was so scared.”

“I know, I know. I’m here now,” Mike kissed the top of Will’s head and stroked his hair, “I’m here.”